

Being Friendly by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Day 28 Tanning

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Being Friendly

Author's Note:

Day Twenty-Eight Tanning from the Harringrove
April Prompts

Being Friendly

Billy loves his job at the public pool, he would rather be at a beach but this is the closest he can get to that in Hawkins and he appreciates it. He likes lording his power over the kids, yelling at them to stop doing anything he deems annoying or technically falls under breaking the posted rules. He likes how golden his tan is getting again, likes all of the attention that is on him, be it the mothers of Hawkins or the girls his own age, he enjoys whoever comes to look, maybe especially hamming it up when one pretty boy comes around to drop off the gaggle of kids he has acquired.

The thing is Steve never comes in, never stays, Billy sees him drop those kids off, can see the top of his tacky uniform from his windshield. Sometimes he gets out and has a smoke leaning against his car while the kids are gathering their things and Billy gets to appreciate all of that Scoops Uniform. Billy blows his whistle more on those days, any excuse to get Steve looking in his direction and Billy lowers his sunglasses not so subtly checking Steve out, the best he can do with a fence standing between them.

It is a normal Tuesday and Steve shows up right on time to drop off a couple of kids, Billy notes Dustin who never seems to not be hanging around Steve and his own sister, with a little girl he has seen around his own house a few times this summer giggling with Max. What is not normal is the loose half buttoned baby blue floral print shirt covering Steve's chest, the towel draped over his shoulder, the tiny khaki shorts or the flip flops, what is especially not normal is Steve coming into the fenced in area of the pool.

Billy cannot tear his eyes away from Steve's pale skin, watching him walk along the edge of the pool following after Max and the other girl as Dustin chucks his shirt and towel at him before jumping right in the pool. Billy should blow his whistle at Dustin both for running and for jumping in without rinsing off first but his attention is on Steve, hyper focused.

Steve stops Max and the girl from jumping in the pool along with him, digging out sunscreen and tossing the bottle at them before smoothing his towel over a pool lounge and Billy's attention is on the way those tiny shorts tighten over Steve's plump ass. By the time he finishes getting the towel to his exact liking, an excruciating ten minutes that has Billy shifting on the lifeguard stand, the girls are done, tossing the bottle at Steve before they jump into the pool together, a few splashes getting Steve. Billy smirks as he watches Steve toss the bottle on the lounge to fuss at them hands on his hips, not that either girl is paying attention.

His humor dries up, mouth going dry as Steve slips out of that loose floral shirt, back muscles stretching as he folds it and settles it on the lounge with the kids' haphazardly discarded clothes and towels. Billy chews on his thumb as Steve's hands drop to his tiny shorts, wondering how short his trunks must be. He is not left wondering for long as Steve slides the shorts down his pale thighs to reveal a tiny speedo.

It is red and Billy thinks it almost matches his trunks but he cannot be positive from so far away. He knows it is the tiniest swimsuit he has seen since he left California. It is tight, cutting high across Steve's ass cheeks making them look even plumper. Billy nearly chokes as Steve turns and he gets a view of his big dick trapped under that tiny red speedo. It is indecent and Billy is not the only one looking as Steve folds his little shorts and sets them down on top of his shirt.

There are not many people here so early, not on days when they do not do kiddy lessons, the gaggle of moms that come in to ignore their

kids and take in the *sights* will not be around for a couple of hours yet. So there are not that many people around for Billy to watch, meaning he can give Steve and his pale mole spotted skin stretching out to tan on a pool lounge in his tiny red speedo his full attention. It does not miss Billy's notice that Steve has not applied any sunscreen and Billy worries he is going to burn.

Twenty minutes Steve lays out tanning on his front, Billy chewing his thumb as he watches Steve's skin turn pink. He vaguely notices Heather coming into work as the retiaries start heading out, they like to leave well before the afternoon rush hits. Billy watches as Steve flips over, chewing on his straw and slurping at the end of his morning slushy as Steve runs his thumbs under the cheeks of his speedo, hiking them up higher revealing even more skin. Billy wants to bite that peach ass, wants to go over there and leave an impression of his teeth in Steve's skin, jealousy coiling in his belly as his manager moves closer to Steve with an obvious look in his eyes.

That jealousy burns brighter as Chad stands over Steve and Billy cannot see Steve's face from here but he can see the agitated hand movements as Chad blocks his sun. Chad laughs and moves to Steve's other side, settling down on the edge of the lounge with Steve's and the kids' belongings and starts chatting with him like they are old friends. Billy watches them with narrowed eyes, slushy cup crumpled, foot tapping. As soon as Heather comes over for her shift Billy is down off the ladder, not bothering to make a show of it like he normally does, ignoring the knowing look Heather shoots him, he never should have gotten drunk with her and admitted to his crush on Steve.

Billy gives her a small shove that just makes her laugh before he is marching over in Steve's direction, ready to get there before Chad can do anything with the sunscreen bottle in his hands. "Chad I think they need some help with the slushy machine at the snack bar again." Billy says as soon as he is within range, probably not a lie as the slushy machine is almost always on the fritz and despite working earlier it probably is not now.

"I think they have it covered." Chad brushes him off, does not even turn to look at Billy, eyes very obviously on Steve's ass.

"Hey Hargrove." Steve greets, shooting a grin at Billy as he drops his sunglasses low and drags his eyes over Billy's body, Billy puffing his chest out in response.

"Pretty boy, what brings you here?" It is easy to ignore Chad's presence when Steve's eyes are on him looking at Billy the same way Billy looks at him. Billy can see Chad's jaw clenching out of the corner of his eye, clearly displeased at being ignored by both of them.

"Came to work on my tan." Steve says with a wiggle on the lounge in a way that makes Billy's mind wander as Steve rests his head back against his arms.

"What you're backyard occupied, you had to come tan with the peasants." Billy teases inching closer, his calf brushing Steve's foot where it hangs off the lounge, watching out of the corner of his eyes as Chad opens his mouth to interject, snapping shut when Steve speaks again.

"Maybe I came for the view." Steve cranes his head back, dropping his glasses down again to look at Billy's abs before dragging his eyes up to meet Billy's through his lashes.

"I think I heard my name." Chad lies, using it as an excuse to leave, thin lipped and brooding as he storms off yelling at some kid that dares jump in the pool when he is walking past, they both ignore him.

"You're going to burn." Billy says grinning and trying to ignore the way his shorts tighten, willing his dick down he cannot get hard in these, they show everything but Steve is not making it easy, has had Billy's cock threatening to rise since he walked through the gate.

“I won’t if you put some sunscreen on me.” Steve is grinning as he points at the bottle Chad had thrown back down on the lounge, twisting and leaning, back muscles tightening as he grabs the bottle up holding it out like a challenge and Billy does not back down.

“No servants to do that for you?” Billy teases but he grabs the bottle up, not about to pass up the chance to get to touch all of that pinked skin.

“Left them at home.” Steve says flippantly back as he settles against the lounge again and Billy starts with his legs, pours a decent amount into his palms and starts slowly working it over Steve’s calves.

“Guess it’s a good thing I came by to save you from burning then.” Billy says as his hands go higher over Steve’s thighs, picking up on the minutest of twitches in Steve’s hips.

“Yes, what luck.” Steve says, humming and glancing back as Billy settles his weight on his thighs just above his knees, straddling his legs as he pours more sunscreen onto his hands. Billy rubs his hands over Steve’s thick thighs, up over the curve of his ass, glad there are not many people around this early, as he gets lost in it fingertips pushing up under the hem of Steve’s speedo before he grips his plump ass, pulling and pushing his cheeks apart. “See something you like?” Steve asks breathy, the red in his cheeks from more than just the sun’s effect on his skin.

Billy digs his nails in, licking over his teeth as Steve bites his lips to keep a noise from escaping, hips shifting in a telling way. “Why did you really come here, pretty boy?” Billy questions, dragging his nails in a way that scores red marks darker than the pink of Steve’s skin as pulls his hands back. He pours more lotion on his hands before sliding his position higher up Steve’s thighs, nearly pressing against his ass as he starts lotioning up the small of Steve’s back.

"Figured that was obvious by now *Hardgrove* ." Steve says shifting to press his ass back and right against where Billy's shorts are indeed tenting despite his best efforts.

"You sure you know what you're doing pretty boy?" Billy questions hands firm, using the excuse of leaning forward to rub lotion higher up Steve's back and pressing his dick harder against the cleft of his ass.

"I know exactly what I'm doing, how about I roll over and we can do it some more." The suggestion makes Billy's cock twitch, a drop of pre wetting his trunks and it is so, so tempting Billy almost takes him up on it, almost demands it until a shadow falls across Steve's skin and Billy remembers exactly where they are.

"What the fuck are you doing to Steve!" Dustin yells and Billy freezes, he had not noticed the kid getting closer because he had forgotten he was here, he forgot anyone was here but him and Steve.

"Calm down Dustin, Billy is just being friendly, lending me a hand with my sunscreen, isn't that right Hargrove." Steve asks, twisting a little as he speaks and Billy is the one forced to bite his lip as his ass presses back against his cock again.

"Yeah, we're all friends here curls." Billy says, slapping a hand down firmly against Steve's ass as he moves to stands, grinning at the noise Steve chokes off, going bright red in the cheeks under Dustin's suspicious gaze. "I'll see you tonight Harrington, help you out with that other problem of yours."

"Yeah can't wait." Billy stands facing the fence that thankfully faces an empty grass field and not the parking lot giving his dick a quick adjustment in his shorts to hide just how affected he is by Steve. Luckily Dustin is already too busy giving Steve the third degree to notice the move. Billy laughs to himself as Dustin keeps shouting at Steve about his choice of friends as he hurries to the locker room

intent to take the edge off before someone can see.

-End

Author's Note:

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